THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1294.

Original Poetry.

TIME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Young lassie my leaden,
I carved not gods in the skies,
When, wake'd by the sweetness of thy lay,
Earl and sainted before me open'd,
Thank me when by sculptor's art
Thy face shall be copied,
Fay, old man, my fair one cried,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

When from her wrinkled brow with awe,
Downward our eyes we quickly cast,
Lo! at his rapid feet we see,
The dust of all the ages past.
A new-born flower we now descried,
Withered by him, faded and rent;
Fay, old man, my fair one cried,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

Nothing on earth, or skies, or air,
Nothing I spare, which once I held.
He answer'd with a voice austere:
As now, you've always known me and
When of the past the veil's aside,
A few short days only expect,
Fay, old man, my fair one cried,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

A hooded rapious which at gaze,
Rejoic'd by hunters don't appear,
By me were sunk and overthrown,
With shame, and all low disquiet.
For stars which flew in ethers wide,
With scorn, and I linked from their sphere;
Fay, old man, my fair one cried,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

But yet your world my power resumes,
For pleasure's charms will conquer me.
And fruitful nature still ascends,
The immense branches of its tree
For with new fruits they are supplied,
Although these fruits I destroy were;
Fay, old man, my fair one cried,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

Time flies, and while with join we go,
Pleasures alas! which cause can keep,
Seeing of its flight I weep?
To hide his flight, bill on in sleep,
But hark! the hours which quickly glide,
Proclaim how short our moments are.
Fay, I cry, for mercy's sake,
Our love, for mercy's sake, oh, spare!

BY BITTAUNE.

Original Tales.

HARRY BEAUMONT;
OR,
The Penny Guardian.
CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning in musing over the events of the preceding evening he could not help wondering in himself if he had not been a fool for once parting Miss Fairley a degree of attention, which, to the superficial eye, would look like the beginning of one proofs of preference, and which was very different from the plan of coldness and reserve which he had at first marked out for himself.

"So," thought he, "it is ever become progress of intimacy between two members of the same household, that the triumph would be on the side of Beaumont's cautious reserve.

"For fair? The garden of the world—the home. Of all art yields, and nature can decree!"

Modern tourists have made us so familiar with Italy, that the most fortified among us are not conversant with the different routes, the palaces, churches, ruins, galleries, and with the very prices and fashions, all with the friends of their native towns. But its hallowed and classical soil is not to be further hackneyed by our unworthy pen, though there are full many a bosom would fathom more than one glowing description.

Beaumont could not forget, and there, to his great surprise, encountered in the foreign crowd, the ever charming Miss Fairley. Her parents had returned to Italy after spending to their deep sorrow their native soil, and Beaumont, had permitted her to accompany some friends who were about making a visit to Rome. The gentleman and devoted Mr. John was no longer in her train, and his place was filled by a young German officer who was now sitting opposite to her with a truly national reverence.

As Beaumont fortunately had no acquaintance with the persons who composed Miss Fairley's party, he thought himself disposed without incurring the charge of rudeness to pay his respects to her particular civilities—and during their stay at Naples they seldom came in contact.

Eight years of residence abroad had been passed not be thought of returning home. But about that time he found that his presence was required in order to effect certain important changes in his financial deposits. Besides this another duty there, claimed the charge of visiting that of procuring a future home for his young charge, Mary Beaumont. Beaumont could not help feeling that the gentleman and friend of a school-mate soon bee- ame tribune to the gay spirits of "sweet sixteen." Madame Lorraine, the accomplished lady of the wholly unread him of her unrivalled accomplishments and of her predecessor in the different branches of her education. Her pupil, however, was not found to have been exaggerated, or that they might prove to be the indulgent opinion of a too partial instructress.

He arrived in New York, and several days elapsed ere he summoned resolution to make his visit to Madame F——'s.

Beaumont tried to persuade himself that the interruptions from the visits of friends and various gentlemanners, unclassical in a woman-loved and hitherto unexperienced, the postponement of this important visit. But the fact was, he had certain serious and unaccountable misgivings, that made him shrink from an introduction to the young person whose fate depended so much upon him. It might be termed a first introduction, for she would now meet him as it were, under a new character. The simple, childlike creature had now expanded into the woman, and he felt that his title of guardian could no longer rest so lightly upon him but might possibly involve him in many annoyances and perplexities. Should this young creature be smitten with a love of accomplishment, and of the pleasures of society (and such a taste would only be natural to her years)—how was he to gratify it? Could he introduce into the fashionable circles a beauty he moved in the unknown orphan? Was it likely that any of the aristocratic relations of his acquaintance would be willing to receive into their domestic circle a young lady who could tell nothing upon the subject." Beaumont appeared embarrassed and annoyed and tried to parry the question—and Mary, with the quickness of womanly tact dropped the subject, though her curiosity was now doubly excited by this appearance of mystery. She supposed that it might be connected with events painful for him to recall; and therefore she generously resolved within herself never again to cloud his brow by an allusion to it, and trust that he would hereafter of his own accord give her some particulars upon this interesting subject.

Several months passed by in uninterrupted, quiet but pleasant. Beaumont had now an occupation in watching the development of the rich mental gifts of one, whom it was delight to remember loved so entirely upon him. His playful criticisms, his judicious remarks, guided her taste and directed her improvement in all her different pursuits. At his approach, her eye brightened, and her whole countenance proclaimed the fascination of his presence. Mary had a heart overflowing with warm affections, and Beaumont's kindness, his delicate looking child afterwards spreads into the course and vulgar woman. Though hope occasionally whispered some fear relating to the future of his position, the same tormenting spirit replied that it sometimes required more than one generation to efface all traces of a low origin and vulgar origin. His over-wrought imagination at last pictured the child and Madame Lorraine, transformed into the lorded, sumptuous girl with red hands and round shoulders—"Good Heavens, what would be to do with her!"

All his refinement of taste and feeling, and his fastidiousness with regard to the female character, rose up in judgment against the imagination of one created to know the worst, he seized his hat and started off to Madame F——'s.

Arrived at the house, the porter was opened by a servant, who, in reply to his request to see Madame Lorraine, informed him that she "was not out of health, and confined to her room—but would be with to see one of the Governesses." Beaumont knew that this must be Miss Dixon. The servant, an untutored Hibernian lass, left him standing in the entry, whilst she went in search of the young lady. Beaumont now thought he might take the liberty of seating himself in the adjoining parlor. He opened the door and perplexed, supposing

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL C. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847.

TERMS.

1 COPY, $2.00 PER ANNUM.
5 COPIES, $9.00 " "
9 " $16.00 " "
17 " $30.00 " "

The money must always be received in advance. Small Notes of solvent Banks received in payment at par.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sloan' Pictorial Family Magazine," will be sent one year.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of "Sloan' Pictorial Family Magazine." Or two copies of the "Saturday Evening Post," and one copy of "Sloan' Magazine."

We will send one copy of Graham's elegant Magazine and two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for $5. Or five copies of the Saturday Evening Post and one copies of Graham's Magazine for $10.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' Companion.

E'r DANIEL JOHNSON, Esq., is Agent for this paper in Fayetteville, N. C., and vicinity. wy 10 9

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who have not paid their subscription in this paper:

Of Thos. J. Blackwell, late of Livingston, Alabama.
Of Dr. Jos. B. Dunlap, late of Dellhower, New Jersey.
Of Gen. P. Sprigman, of Greensville, Virginia.
Of Gen. Runyon, late of Thomasville, New York.
Of Dr. K. Cook, late of Fort Towson, Arkansas.
Of Dr. Jos. S. Supple, late of Sand Fort, Alabama.
Of Jas. F. Clayton, late of do. do.
Of C. E. Passenay, late of do. do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many persons that are inadmissible on account of their length. Some of these are very good, and we would be glad to use them—and a short intelable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. We hope correspondents please bear this in mind.

The Invocation to Death is received, with many thanks to E. E. It is a charming little poem.

Thanks to H. H. for his fine poem, which has no other fault than the one we speak of above. The pamphlet was unfortunately overlooked, but we have since found it, and of course shall comply with his request.

Matilda's de Lacey is accepted. If the fair author would re-write her pieces once or even twice, she might convert many errors which now deform them. We should be pleased to examine the other that she speaks of.

Loosing the First Cancer is too without its good points, and were it half the length, we should unhesitatingly accept it—but a tale that occupies five or six columns of our paper ought to be very good and well sustained throughout. Does the author object to our holding it for future consideration, or shall we return it to her?

The Zephyr's Song, is accepted.

Lenore, by C. J. R., we must respectfully decline. Our very good friend, the author, may have forgotten publish, if the writer has no objection.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We conclude to-day Harry Beaumont, or The Young Guardian, which our readers will, no doubt agree with us in pronouncing a very interesting tale. We would also call attention to a translation from the admirable French poet Berauger, one of the most spirited translations that we have ever seen. The author seems to have caught the very spirit of the original.

Our readers will also perceive that we have added to the usual variety of good things on the fourth page, a Flower and a Culinary Department, for Eveline is our motto.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"Those who cultivate the earth are the choicest people of God, if he ever had a chosen people distinguished for integrity and generous virtue.

In language of this kind did the illustrious author of the Declaration of American Independence express his opinion of the ennobling tendency of agricultural pursuits upon the mental and moral character of those engaged in them. And while his expressions may perhaps be considered rather too strong, we think it can easily be shown that the idea he meant to convey is by no means unwarranted by the truth.

It has often been remarked that a very large proportion of the distinguished men of our nation have come from the country, young men of worth and distinction to the town. But the statement of this fact has generally been answered by an allusion to the much smaller population of the various towns and cities on the land, and an assertion that they had produced their full share in proportion to numbers, of illustrious names. But without going into the facts of the case, which at the end would prove but little, for such is the constant intermixture of the two classes of population, that the evidence obtained could not be relied upon, we shall proceed to offer a few reasons why a residence in the country should be more promotive of moral and intellectual greatness.

We do not mean, however, to assert that a country as preferable to a city life in everything that relates to the improvement of the mind. We think far differently. The bustle of a large city, the lookfords or new sights that are daily crowding upon the attention, the hurry of active business, where twenty things must be thought of and nearly each at once, all tend to penetrate great quickness and readiness of mind. And the activity of the mental faculties is most certainly a thing to be desired, if it be not purchased by the accident of more important qualities. But we are afraid that such a life often the case—the others become quick and ready be but a bad mis about him. In one a constant phrase, but he has acquired also a great tendency to merely skim over the surface of things—he thinks he has not time to look deeper—no one must be but become egotistical. In accordance with this, he is always self-possessed, and ready to converse and offer his opinion upon nearly any subject whatever. He glances rapidly over the newspaper in the morning, catches a few ideas, as it were, out of the current of thought by the hair of their heads, and then in the glare and excitement of a city life has no time to ponder deeply over any of the mysteries of the material or the spiritual world.

On the other hand how different is it with the farmer, or any other dweller in the open country. His life is calm and tranquil. He has not such a constant succession of images flashing continually before his eyes and therefore is able to give those that do come a more attentive and thorough examination. He has time for thought. His ears are not always filled with cants cry for the hour's excitement. He is, perhaps, neither ready nor quick, but must when it hears a question, may not spring at once to the answer, but he has gained what is of far more importance. He has acquired a habit of looking below the surface of things and of the depths of nature and the human soul. His mind has been insensibly moulded by the calm but grand scenes that daily surround him. If he can write, as he passes morning along, the song of the bird or the vastness of the heavens, but that nobody and their grandeur have entered into his soul.

For it is a great mistake to think, as some appear to, that the scenes that surround us exert no influence, that a tree, a rock, a flower, has no beauty to accustomed to them that we are seemingly unconscious of their presence. That they do exist, because, in presents by the fact that, if those scenes alter in the least, we immediately notice it. The farmer on his fields may not be conscious of listening to the songs of the birds around him, but let those songs suddenly cease, and he would at once remark it. He may not appear to admire the sky that above his head as blue, and the air balmy, but let a single black cloud rise to form above the horizon of the west, or the low gusty breeze blow over his face, and he is alive to the alteration. But if he is conscious of the change, he must have been conscious of what had preceded it, or else he would not have known that it was a change. This proves, therefore, that even while men, in one sense, are unaware of it, surrounding objects do continually exert an influence over their minds.

Looking at the subject from these views in this light, who can doubt that those who dwell amid the works of God, even within the great temple of nature itself, are placed in more favorable circumstances than those who are so surrounded by the works of man, that the hand of Art becomes a veil between the soul and its Creator!

But, even while we say this, we are aware that we have not fully stated the cause of the town. We are conscious that it was within the walls of cities that the flame of liberty, which had been well nigh trampled out by feudal tyranny, began once more to blaze. We acknowledge that, with much that is corrupting, there flows from such continual intercourse of man with man, a tide of courtesy and gentleness over the whole land. We cannot forget the obligations that the Public Ledger owes to the possession of many a fair chart of commerce, and the numerous refugee that have been saved on the voyage, in other things as well as this, from wreck. And yet, while acknowledging all this, we still adhere to the main, to what has been advanced—and would rather boldly challenge investigation than shrink from it.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

LAMENTABLE SHIPWRECK

Loss of a Swedish Corvette—One hundred and Fourteen Lives lost!—On Sunday night the brother Swan, Capt. Snell, arrived in port from New Orleans, having on board seventeen persons, picked up at sea, about four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 3d of May. These unfortunate creatures were a portion of the crew of the Swedish corvette Gotheraa, commanded by Lt. J. Eliet, Esq., which was upset by a squall on the 2d inst., when about twenty-five miles north of Matanzas. When the squall struck the vessel, she was thrown upon her beam ends, and the guns breaking away from their fastenings, crushed to death upon their carriages, and in this manner caused her to turn bottom up wards, and in a few awful moments she sank below the surface, leaving nothing for the one hundred and thirty-one men composing her crew to cling to for safety but a few floating spars and the long boat, which was also thrown bottom upwards. The scene of this moment was one of indescribable horror, but of short duration, as the most of the crew, including the captain, were carried down in the vortex created by the sinking of the vessel, without the power to make an effort for self-preservation.

Of the one hundred and thirty-one human beings who, a few short minutes before, were all life and safety, in the prospect of a speedy return to their homes, from which they have been absent about nine months, none were left to describe the horrors which attended this sudden calamity, save the seventeen who were able to clutch hold of the long boat, and with but this support to sustain themselves in the water, they remained for about thirty hours, exposed to the buffeting of the waves and scorching sun, without a morsel to eat or a drop of water to allay their thirst. While in this situation the barque Swan hove in sight, and being attracted to the spot by the unusual sight, and the signals which was at first thought to be a piratical craft, the unfortunates were speedily taken on board, and their wants for which they were in need of, were cheerfully afforded by Captain Snell.

On their arrival here they were taken charge of by H. D. Seltzer, Esq., the Swedish Consul at this port, and furnished with clothing and other necessaries, of which they were entirely destitute when picked up. Some of them have not yet recovered from the effects of their exposure.

OUR NAVAL FORCE.

The New York Courier and Enquirer of Monday contains the following information, relative to our naval force available at the present crisis between the United States and Mexico being at war, it believes, of course the last of the latter countries to the frontier. Our fleet in the Gulf and on the Pacific side, will undoubtedly at once commence operations. At Matanzas, on the Pacific coast, the squadron at the latest dates consisted of the frigate Congress, mounting 54 guns; the frigate Cyane, 36 guns; sloops-of-war Portsmouth and Levant of 24 each, and the schooner Shark of 12 guns. On the 21st ultimo, the frigate Savine arrived at Vera Cruz, but went to sea the same day in company with the frigates Cumberland, Potomac, and the sloop-of-war Falmouth, from Commodore Conner.

According to the same account the U. S. frigate John Adams was the only vessel of war off Vera Cruz, although the remainder of the squadron were daily-expected in the vicinity. Gen. Scott was to do nothing there alone. The fortress of Juan de Ulloa would resist a very heavy attack—once certainly after the arrival of the troops of the Texas army to which it yielded a few years since. The French squadron then consisted of three large frigates and two brigs-of-war, which were anchored in the deepest water point blank distance from the eastern face of the castle, and the bomb vessels but little further. There were seventy-five guns in the castle, and the number of those engaged in the bombardment of the squadron only 26, some of which were carronades.

Of the French vessels the Cyclops had two mortars, but not two inches size from which to hurl the others did their share. One of the bombs lodged in the magazine, which was blown up and about 500 men killed. After ten hours fighting the Mexicans yielded. Since that time the fortress has been thoroughly repaired. A new water battery has been built, and 32 and 42 pounders have been mounted in place of the 18's and 18's; from 12 to 20 heavy mortars have been introduced, and the fortress is now considered by the Mexicans as in the very best condition to resist an attack.

MAP OF TEXAS.

We are indebted to the kindness of our friend Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, for the accompanying map, which will enable our readers to understand the exact position of the different places spoken of in our news from the army.

The position of the American Army is not much at upon the map—it is immediately opposite Matamoras. The distance from the camp of General Taylor, across the Peninsula, between the Rio Grande and Point Isabel is about ten miles.

The distance to be traversed by the enemies' col that can reach Point Isabel are as follows:

From Matamoras, by the nearest route,	200 miles.
From Galveston, by the inside route,	350 miles.
From Galveston, by the route of the mouth of the Mississippi,	962 miles.
From Matamoras to Galveston,	450 miles.
From Matamoras to the last of the Rio Grande,	70 miles.

The mouth of the Rio Grande, ten miles south of our camp opposite Matamoras, is the point at the highest tide. In a heavy sea the navigation is very dangerous, vessels often taking four or five days in coming from the mouth of the river to the anchorage of the steamer. The current is very rapid, so that it runs ten miles an hour in some places. The country on both sides is nearly level, and for thirty-one miles composing her crew to cling to for safety but a few floating spars and the long boat, which was also thrown bottom upwards. The scene of this moment was one of indescribable horror, but of short duration, as the most of the crew, including the captain, were carried down in the vortex created by the sinking of the vessel, without the power to make an effort for self-preservation.

Of the one hundred and thirty-one human beings who, a few short minutes before, were all life and safety, in the prospect of a speedy return to their homes, from which they have been absent about nine months, none were left to describe the horrors which attended this sudden calamity, save the seventeen who were able to clutch hold of the long boat, and with but this support to sustain themselves in the water, they remained for about thirty hours, exposed to the buffeting of the waves and scorching sun, without a morsel to eat or a drop of water to allay their thirst. While in this situation the barque Swan hove in sight, and being attracted to the spot by the unusual sight, and the signals which was at first thought to be a piratical craft, the unfortunates were speedily taken on board, and their wants for which they were in need of, were cheerfully afforded by Captain Snell.

On their arrival here they were taken charge of by H. D. Seltzer, Esq., the Swedish Consul at this port, and furnished with clothing and other necessaries, of which they were entirely destitute when picked up. Some of them have not yet recovered from the effects of their exposure.

MEXICAN.

Mexico is the name of a large country, and the capital of that country. It is a very large city, and contains a great many people. Some of the people are white, and some are black, and some are yellow, and some are red. Some of the people are rich, and some are poor, and some are very poor. Some of the people are very wicked, and some are very good. Some of the people are very ignorant, and some are very learned. Some of the people are very lazy, and some are very industrious. Some of the people are very cowardly, and some are very brave. Some of the people are very cruel, and some are very kind. Some of the people are very proud, and some are very humble. Some of the people are very dishonest, and some are very honest. Some of the people are very unjust, and some are very just. Some of the people are very unmerciful, and some are very merciful. Some of the people are very unholy, and some are very holy. Some of the people are very unbelieving, and some are very believing. Some of the people are very unfaithful, and some are very faithful. Some of the people are very unrighteous, and some are very righteous. Some of the people are very ungodly, and some are very godly. Some of the people are very unchristian, and some are very christian. Some of the people are very unchristlike, and some are very christlike. Some of the people are very unchristianlike, and some are very christianlike. Some of the people are very unchristianly, and some are very christianly. Some of the people are very unchristianlikeness, and some are very christianlikeness. Some of the people are very unchristianlikeness, and some are very christianlikeness. Some of the people are very unchristianlikeness, and some are very christianlikeness

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

$3 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and places of residence.

Other letters will not be taken out of the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued at the end of the current half year, unless by order, and only at the option of the Publisher if otherwise ordered.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are earnestly solicited to obtain subscribers for this paper, to which a liberal commission will be allowed. They should always remember to remit the money before the subscription runs out, since the Post Office removal from one town to another, unless the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Hartford, Conn., Corcoran, this is our Agent for Maine, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, and will receive Subscriptions and Advertisements.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

PAUL F. JOHNSTON, authorized by Mr. Simmons, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Republic and North-western States and Territories, viz: Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, *H. Wells' Auto. S. Bridges, H. A. Bridges, J. Bridges, Wm. Bridges, Auto. of Indiana, H. E. Bridges, J. E. Bridges.*

THOMAS HOWARD is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Congressional News.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Last Monday morning the President sent in the following message relative to our relations with Mexico.

To the Senate and
House of Representatives:

The existing state of the relations between the United States and Mexico renders it proper that I should bring the subject to the consideration of Congress. In my annual message at the commencement of your present session, the state of these relations, the causes which led to the withdrawal of our Minister accredited to Mexico, the two countries in March, 1845, and the long-continued and unredressed wrongs and injuries committed by the Mexican government on citizens of the United States in their persons and property, were briefly set forth.

As the facts and opinions which were then presented are substantially contained in the correspondence which I now transmit, I will not enter into the details of that correspondence. I will only add that I succeeded to the command of the Mexican forces, commissioned and received as the diplomatic representative of that government, and that I have since continued and should still continue there. A party in opposition to the government of Paredes came into power in August last, and has since remained in the ascendant. Almost immediately after the change of administration in Mexico, it was intimated with full powers to adjust all the questions in dispute between that country and the United States, and of indemnification to our citizens. The redress of the wrongs of our injured citizens, and the peaceful and friendly blended itself with the question of boundary. The settlement of the one question could not be left out of view in the adjustment of the other. Separate treaties for each, for a moment, entertained the idea of the Texas territory, and the assumption by the United States of the payment of the claims of our citizens against Mexico. These instructions were repeated, and in January last I received from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, General Tayloe was neither empowered nor instructed to receive, or the Executive at that State for such of its public lands as it may be required for the location of the troops of the United States, and to furnish them with such auxiliary force as he might need. Was authorized to enter into any negotiation for the settlement of the boundary question. That proposition was made the great theme of denunciation against the government. The government of Herrera was then tottering to its fall. The revolutionary party in the capital, and in the army, had the effect to hasten its overthrow. Its denunciation of the

Appropriate Poem.

MAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE MORAL.

POET.

To then, oh, May, I most complain,—
Oh, Summer, I complain to thee,—
And then, thou fairest fortnight Pure,—
And Monday, darling bright to me!
To then, oh, Gooseberry Fool, at Ben,
And then, Love, my song shall be
Of all the pain my lady's sorra
Accidentally inflicts on me.
Yet, would ye all with one consent
Lend me your aid, one night repeat;
Then, for kind heaven's sake, bear, and give me back
content!

MAY, &c.

What is the wrong? Stand forth and tell us what:
Unless just cause be shown, we hear thee not.

POET.

She hits my fancy fond on sight,
But when, believing in her love,
I rush her passion's strength to prove,
She hits my passion smarter:
Ah! woe is me, the e'er I knew
Her hour whose inner soul's scarcely dark enow!

MAY.

I, May, will straight my flowers command,
My roses bright, and lilies white,
No more for her their charms expand.

SUMMER.

And I, the Month, will revenge
The bird's sweet themes; their tuneful notes
No more shall charm our ear round.

PLAIN.

When on the Plain she doth appear,
My flowers'ry gay shall fade away;
Nor more shall I, with pleasure hear
The birds in their sweet lays.

MEAD.

And I, the Mead, will help her, too;
Shrunk be the grass, and dry;
That my bright charms shall blast her view
Will be my joy.

WOOD.

And I, the Grove-mead, loved my bowers
When she to me would flee to woo,
Till she to them her smile renews.

SUN.

I, Sun, will pierce her frozen heart,
Till from the blaze of my bright rays
Varely she flee,—there leave a gentler part.

LOVE.

I, Love, will bandit instantly
Whatever she and sweet I hear,
Till she in pity turn to thee.

POET.

Alas! must all her joys thus flee?
Nay, rather I would joyless die,
Ere grow as o'er my pain may be.

LOVE.

Bend'st thou resolve?—Then—then—then at my nod
The paths of joy shall close, so lately trod.

POET.

Nay, then,—oh, leave her not thus shorn of bliss,
Leave me to die before, so love be happiness.

Our Scrap Book.

A SUMMER'S JAUNT
Across the Water.

From a very pleasant and instructive book with the above title, written by J. Jay Smith, of this city, Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, we take the following extracts. We would, however, recommend our readers to purchase the work itself, where there is much more of an equally good quality:

As a sample of the ignorance, even in Ireland, which country is sending out yearly so many emigrants, of what is going on in this new world, Mr. Smith gives the following:

I have mixed pretty freely with the classes of natives of the Emerald Isle on whom I might justly expect an average, at least, of intelligence; on very many points, they are possessed of an amount of information creditable to their country; but I was scarcely prepared to find them ignorant of scenes of our prominent topics. At a dinner-party, for instance, not one of the gentlemen knew of the suit now of our United States Bank; it had made no impression on them if they had read of it, because [illegible] has little money to lend. The capital is on the latter side. On the top of a stage-coach a young gentleman informed me, very gravely, that he was going to America, where a friend had promised to get him a place under Van Buren! Another asked me whether there was good bull-dog-sporting about Philadelphia! and a gentleman of the bar in Belfast inquired if there was any large city with as hot New York!

Speaking of the proverbial cheerfulness of the lower classes of the Irish, he says

The good humor of the poor is a pleasing feature. A wag of the real Irish blood, in a rail-car, called every body he saw, to him, and cracked a joke with inimitable fun; to the first he met as on hailing, "I say, ugly fellow, what's your name?" Here he failed; for the reply was not better he had done.—"The ugliest name, your honor, ever you heard."—"Well, what is it?"—"Oh! none I mustn't disremember it!" The second he encountered he fared to be no our side.—"Boy some tar oranges, your honor!"—"Are they good?"—"Yes, yer honor.—"That's right, my good fellow; always keep the best and you'll command the top of the market." The discomfited vender laughed, and was absent in depart, when the wag reiterated and made a purchase.

A beggar, one of the many who beset us on stopping at Drogheda, near Dublin, besetched the hat of some gentleman in gould apparelling, and the knavish lady with such blue eyes, to pity her misfortune. When she found we made no answer, "Heck!" she cried, "I'm wasting all me wind and getting nothing to take in taste!" and walked off to another audience. The respectable part of the community never look at or answer an appeal from a beggar; the moment they get to answer, it's all over, and a man only will drive them away; it is a great comfort on such occasions when the carriage or car moves you beyond number. We were very sore beggars from the Causeway to Drogheda; there they made a movie by a powerful array, but they all landed, recoiled, and seemed to think it was a joke, to judge from faces. The North, where we have been, has a preponderance of Protestants and North's, more and at the South, the reverse in the case, and beggary increases.

Every body knows that the English are great beer-drinkers, and Mr. Smith furnishes an account of one of the largest of their many large establishments for the manufacture of this exciting liquid:

Barclay's brewery, celebrated the world over, is such a curiosity that I have been tempted to visit it under them of my introducing to half an hour of family owning it. Though statistics are not much in my way you shall have the benefit of the few notes I thought it worth while to make on the spot; as it has been greatly enlarged latterly, perhaps they may possess novelty. The whole establishment covers fifteen acres, we saw one hundred and eighty vats, each containing from sixteen hundred to three thousand barrels; they are thirty to feet in height; one, thirty-six feet across at the top, the largest forty-three feet, and is in the enormous amount of three thousand hundred barrels! The weight of iron in the hoops alone is seventeen tons, [illegible] number seen weighing no less than one ton four hundred weight; it is large enough to serve as carriage and set horses into, it will contain four thousand barrels of imperial must, and its liquid treasure is worth eighty thousand dollars! Some of Mathew's gained would issues in value. There are stables for one hundred and eighty-seven of the enormous horses employed for delivery, each worth three hundred dollars, one little below an ornamented and female high to be felt eighteen hands or six feet; a steam engine finds tall employment in breaking up their food.

In one place saw new men in vats handling the hot hops, as namely named as mangas. In one vat was one thousand three hundred and sixty bushels of malt; a copper boiler is so large that forty men have dined in it comfortably; it will contain four thousand two hundred barrels of beer. Here are conduits half a mile in length, rail-road, hoppers, steam-engines, &c. enough to confuse one. Thirty tons of hops are used per day consumed. The malt house will contain sixteen hundred quarters; the vaults will contain two millions and a quarter of dollars; sixty great vats are kept to destroy the air-bubbles. Fifteen hundred barrels of ale are made daily; it is cooled in summer by cutious refrigerators. There is even a burying-ground for the men who die, but by this there is no longer room; the space is wanted, the temperance men would say, to make porter for others. The brewery was partially burnt in 1832, but precautions are now taken so that the whole can be flooded in a very short time. To look at the Thames water you would not say it was a desirable article to drink; but the people have accustomed with beer; whenever you go you see huge signs. "Truman, Hanbury and Buxton's Entire," and so of other brewers, while the beer is on every Hinder table; and "decoctions" to catch the servants and soldiers, whether they spend it for that purpose or not, it is so settled in the contract. The great London brewers are very rich men, have been honored, and then insure the sale of their own beer.

The following notice of the present head of the Penn family will be interesting to our Pennsylvania readers:

The second, the other day, a kind invitation to visit the present, head of the family, of the founder of Pennsylvania, and his lineal descendant. Granville John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, near Windsor, where I have been most hospitably entertained; as the name and family of this gentleman interests many of the descendants of our first settlers, and as we Pennsylvanians consider the name as public property, Mr. Penn, I feel assured, will not deem it an intrusion if the private breach if I tell you who constitutes the present descendants of the peaceful good Quaker. Thomas Penn, who, with his brother Richard, was joint Proprietor of Pennsylvania, married Lady Juliana Fermor; his son John built the present Stoke new manor house, a superb mansion, in the Italian style, the former large dwelling, the residence of Sir Edward Coke, having been mostly pulled down. He died without issue, and the estate gave it to Granville, his brother, who died only eight months since, leaving it to the issue of his eldest son, Granville John Penn, Esq., the present possessor, aged about forty-three; he is much interested about us in Pennsylvania, respecting which I had the honor of answering many pertinent questions. His mother and two sisters reside with him, and I met there his accomplished brother William Penn, an intermediate brother, Thomas Gordon Penn, is in orders.

The manor of Stoke consists of one thousand acres, four hundred of which is in a Park, very finely wooded, where ranges considerable game, including two hundred and fifty deer; here reigns that natural ease enjoyed by the wealthy English in so very remarkable a degree. The noble trees are venerable, every feature of wood, lake, fine views, an excellent and large library await the fortunate guest. Windsor Castle and Forest are seen through numerous beautiful vistas from the library, charming rooms, extensive pleasure-grounds, and park. The collection of family pictures, historical portraits and statuary, is highly interesting. The original picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians, by West, estimated at the drawing-room.

Our tobacco-growing friends in the West and South, will be interested in the following:

The revenue derived from tobacco is enormous; we were most kindly shown through the vast structures containing the raw as well as the manufactured article, which seems to tempt [illegible] the twenty-two millions per thousand; they are sometimes retailed at the best quality at eighteen cents each, or one hundred and sixty dollars the thousand; a few belonging to the estate of the Duke of Sussex, sold some years back, for seven hundred dollars per thousand; smoking is quite his fashion, but the expensive pleasure has to be paid for; much very inferior tobacco is employed; from its manufacture depending on smallness, which people enjoy after a shocking weed. The poor are content with a little pipe-ful a pipe. The plant would grow well in Ireland where it has been tried, but the revenue must be saved of thirty millions of dollars. There are now in London thirty thousand hogsheads; it is supposed that about as much more in value, in the shape of cigars and manufactured weed, is smuggled annually. The duty on cigars is 3s. and 6d. per pound; a thousand cigars may weigh nine pounds, so that the duty on cigars of every quality is only twenty dollars